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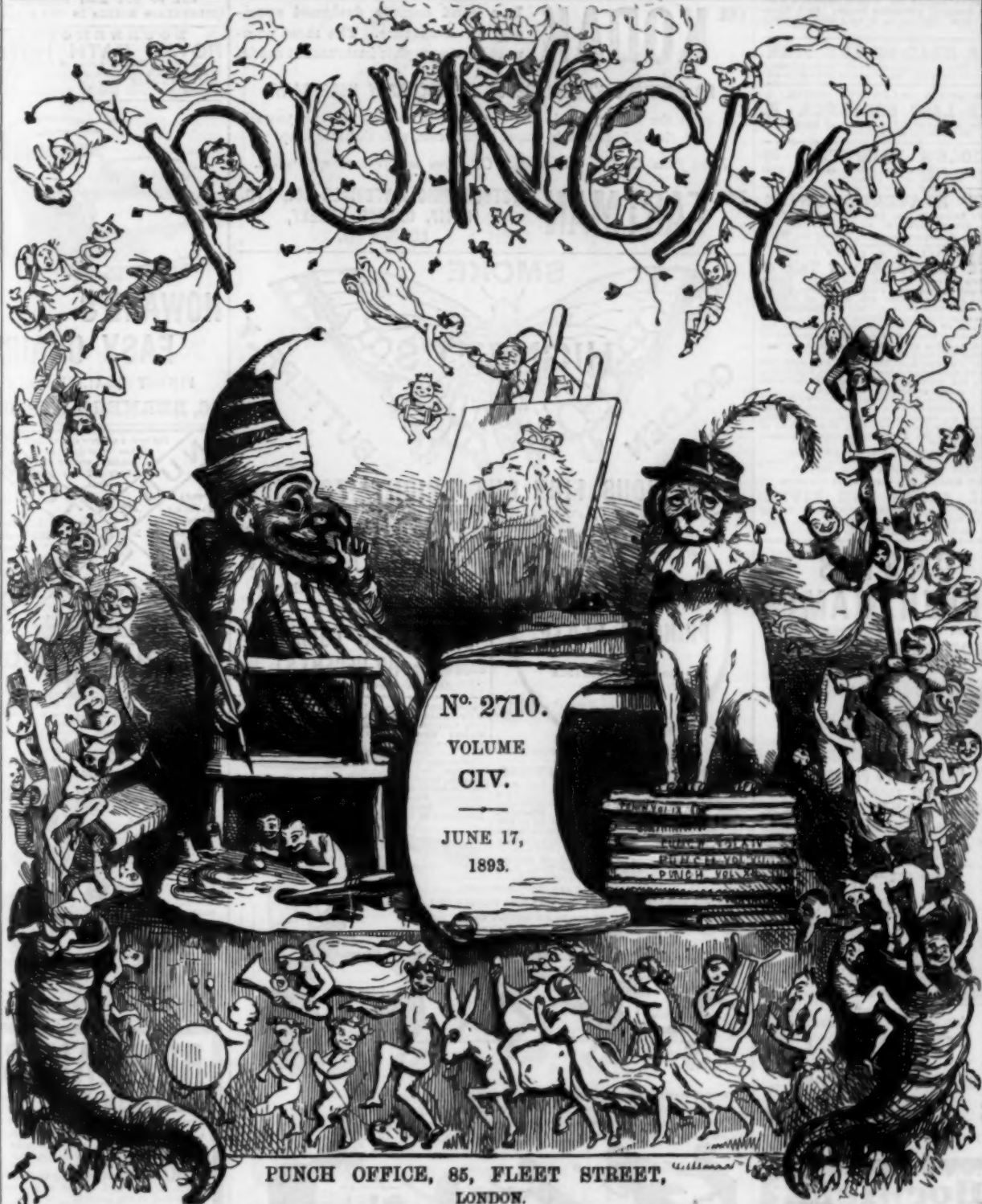
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OH! WELL WE REMEMBER IN DAYS THAT ARE PAST,  
 HOW THE STRUGGLE AMONGST US WAS WHO SHOULD BE LAST  
 TO ENTER THE HURRY AT GRANNY'S SHILL CALL,  
 FOR WE KNEW SHE WAS WAITING TO "PHYSIC" US ALL!



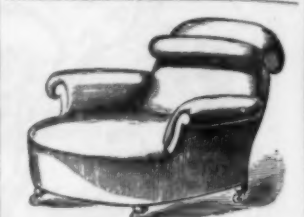
BUT NOW MAMMA'S BOUGHT US SUCH BEAUTIFUL STUFF,  
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## BIOGRAPHY À LA MODE.

(By our own Hec-Haw-cist.)

AND Dr. ÆSCULAPIUS turned and left the room, and I never saw him alive again.

If only we knew!

It is true our friends come and go. And they try to hold us to them, and we turn our backs upon them! And oh, how sad it is to think we have seen them for the last time! And they tried to secure our company, and we were proud and haughty, and we would not stay. We were cruel, and their memories now oppress us. Let me make a confession. It will be good for the soul, and it will also serve as a means of cataloguing my friends, and my faithful friends, and my good and grateful friends.

The last time I saw Sir ALFRED APOLLO, and he said "are you going?" as though he had said, "Will you stay no longer?" and I went. And oh, had I but stayed with him! And how pleased he would have been! And I might have read him some of my poetry! As INKES would say, "think of that!"

And the last time I met Field-Marshal Sir MORICE MARS, and he was walking in Queen Anne's Street, on the opposite side of the road, and saluted me, and I never crossed over to speak to him! And if I had, how delighted he would have been! My button-holing him might have saved his life! And oh, the pity of it!

And the last time I met Admiral NEPTUNE, I never went up to him to say good-bye! And the last time I took Lady JUNO down to dinner. I never took the trouble to call upon her in the morning! And if I had seen NEPTUNE and JUNO



## "WHITE MAGIC."

He. "I OFTEN THINK—AT LEAST I SOMETIMES WONDER—I MEAN I WISH I KNEW IF YOU CARED FOR ME, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

She. "OH, BUT THEY'VE GOT A CLAIRVOYANTE IN THE NEXT ROOM. COULDN'T YOU FIND OUT!"

before they departed from earth, how pleased they would have been! And it is still a mystery to me how they exist in Olympus without me. And poor things! they must find it very dull!

And the last time I saw MERCURY, the great Explorer, was just before he started for the North Pole; and, although he was to leave by the Penny Steam-boat, I never went to Pimlico Pier to see him off. And oh, if I had only known! I would have accompanied him on his way, and shared his labours with him as far as Vauxhall!

And the last time I saw Lord Chief Justice PLUTO he was standing on dampgrass. And I thought I would expostulate, but no—I allowed him to catch cold! And when he left us I felt that I had neglected his last invitation. I had somewhere else to go. And I was crowded with all sorts and conditions of other invitations, but he passed away, and I had never gone!

And the last time I met JUPITER, he took me to the threshold of Olympus, and did not ask me to return. And I never did. And IXION gave me a lift on his wheel, and we have never gone back. And what a sad thing! And I remember once again that ÆSCULAPIUS called me into his room—it was my last chance—and I refused! How fain I would have been to accept my last chance! And how long and lingering would I have talked with my friend! And how loth would I have been to go! And yes, what a bore! what a bore!

**AUTOMATIC APHORISM.** (By Penny - in - the - Slot.)—One millionaire can build six mansions, but six millionaires cannot build a tree.

## PRODIGIOUS!

[Another musical prodigy is announced.]

PRODIGES here, prodigies there, Prodiges, prodigies everywhere. Neat little nimble prodigy-girls, Short frocks, stockings, and corkscrew curls. Pert little priggish prodigy-boys, Long hair, "knickers," and lots of noise. Prodigy concerts at half-past eight; Prodiges stop up far too late. Prodiges taking by storm the town, Sketching an octave up and down. Swelling fugues with a massive bass, Fingers all in their proper place. Firework fantasies, oh, so smart! CHOPIN, SCHUBERT, and old MOZART. Some with BEETHOVEN making free, WAGNER as easy as A B C. Prodigy A. deserves a medal For skill in the use of the softer pedal. Prodigy B. should have a prize For her manner of using her hazel eyes. Prodiges playing quick or slow, PIANO, FORTE, FORTISSIMO. Little females and tiny males All of them thumping out their scales. Little HALLÉS in socks and shorts, Beating their BROADWOOD piano-fortes. Little VERUDAS in frill and frock, Scraping away like one o'clock. Little PIATTIS—but why proceed? Basta, basta! agreed, agreed! Prodigy-hearing's an awful bore; [more.] We've enough, and too many, and don't want

## THE COMING CAR.

*At the Booking-Office.*—I want a Third-Class Circular Tourist People's Palace Carticket to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, and round to Glasgow by the Kyles of Bute, please, at your new reduced fare of eighteen shillings and sixpence for the round.

I believe this ticket allows me to stay at any town or village en route for any time up to ten years? Yes? Thank you!

What do you say? That merely taking the ticket acts as an Insurance of £2,000 a year to my relatives in case of a fatal accident, with £1,000 a year to myself if in any way disabled? Really, that is a most liberal arrangement.

*In the Third-Class Dining-Saloon.*—It certainly does seem surprising that the Company should be able to supply a dinner comprising turtle soup, lobster salad, ris de veau, cotelettes de volaille, ice pudding, and the best dry champagne, at two-and-sixpence a head, with the Band of the Grenadier Guards performing in the adjoining luggage-van during the meal.

The provision of free Turkish and other baths for the use of third-class passengers makes a long railway journey quite a "Travellers' Rest."

I hear that the Great East-Northern Company, in order to draw custom, is now offering gratuitous medical attendance for a year, a box at the Opera once a week during the season,

and a three-guinea subscription to MUDIE'S, to every passenger who takes a couple of third-class tickets to Scotland and back.

*In a Third-Class Sleeping-Car Cubicle.*—MAPLE seems to have furnished this elegant sleeping chamber regardless of expense. We are landed (or perhaps it would be more correct to say Midlanded) in luxury!

Every passenger, it appears, is now entitled to one of these apartments for the night, with use of brass bedstead, eider-down quilt, feather mattress in winter, and unlimited hot water in the morning, without any extra payment. This is a distinct improvement on the old "Truck System" of five persons on each side, courting sleep bolt upright through a stuffy summer's night, and attempting to dispose of ten pairs of legs in a space intended by nature to hold two.

Go to bed singing—"Car of the Evening, Beautiful Car!" and wake up at Perth for my early cup of tea and buttered soene.

**FROM THE UPPER DOMESTIC CIRCLE.**—What is the special duty of the "Groom of the Chambers"? He has to take charge of the towel-horses, and pay particular attention to any valuable stud that may be committed to his keeping.

**VERY DISCOURTEOUS.**—Mrs. R. read in the Times—"Sir E. CLARKE was opening the plaintiff's case when the Court rose." "Well," observed Mrs. R., "I did think the Court would have been more polite."

## FIGARO IN EGYPT; OR, THE FRENCH BALAAM AND THE BRITISH LION.

[The Paris *Figaro* (says the *Times*) sent a member of its editorial staff (M. Dunote) on a special mission to Egypt to see for himself what is the real character of the British occupation. Though he says he fully expected to return with an indictment, and provided himself with a particularly roomy portmanteau to contain incriminatory documents, he frankly confesses his terrible portmanteau is empty, and he has nothing but approval to report.]

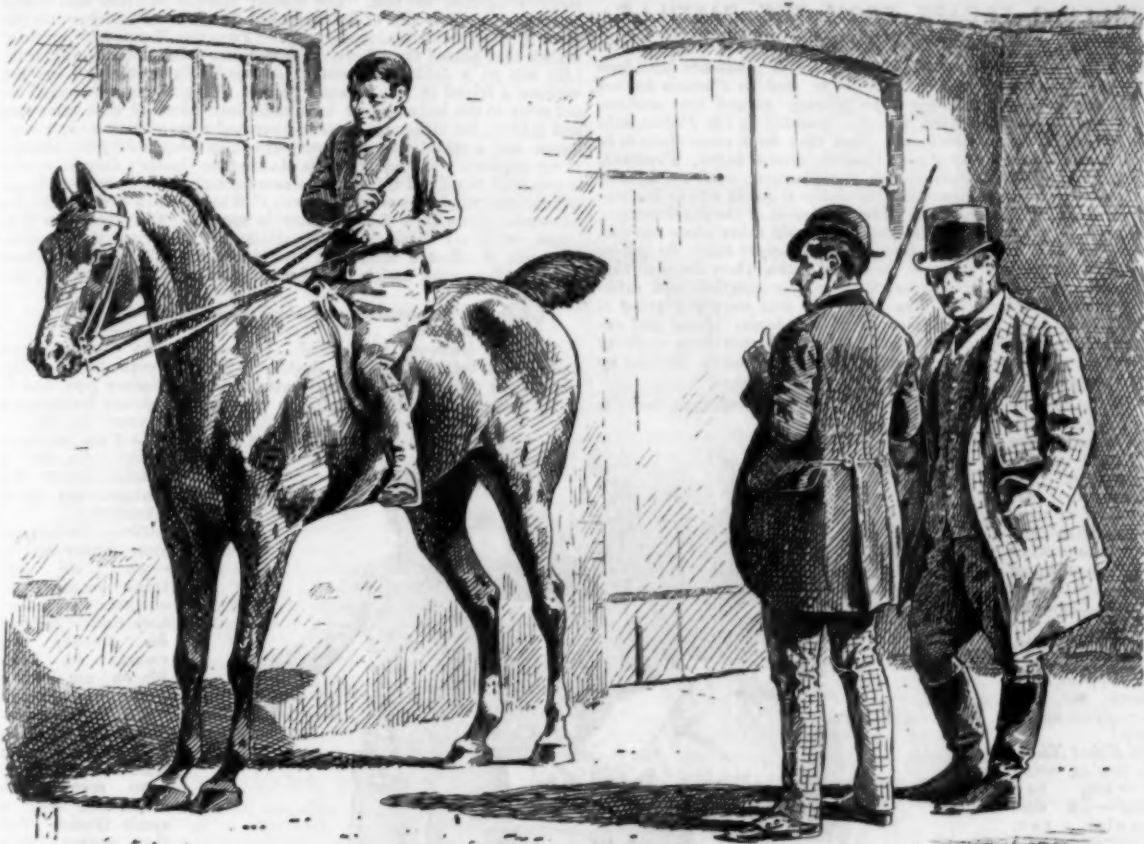


*Figaro*. "Ah, MON AMI, I CAME TO DENOUNCE YOUR OCCUPATION, BUT I'M BOUND TO SAY IT SEEMS BOTH A PLEASANT AND USEFUL ONE—TO ALL PARTIES!"

*Figaro, loquatur*: *Largo al factotum!* That's you, good friend LEO! You're bossing this show, as the Yankee would say,

And to everyone's 'vantage. I find even *we* owe Much good to your—purely provisional—stay.





## PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

*Dealer (to the Duke's Stud-Groom).* "NOW THET MARE 'AD OUGHT TO BE IN THE DOOK'S STABLE!—SHE'S A THREE-HUNDRED-GUINEA MARE, SHE IS. LOR' HOW THEM GENTS DOES LIKE TO PAY IN GUINEAS! NOW THEM ODD SHILLIN'S IS ALUS KIND O' TROUBLE-SOME TO MR. YER SEE, IF THE DOOK BUYS HER, THERE 'LL BE A LITTLE MATTER O' THREE HUNDRED SHILLIN'S AS I 'LL HAVE TO GIVE TO SOME CHERITABLE INSTITUTION, JIST TO GET RID O' THE 'ARRIS ON 'EM." (*Insinuatingly.*) "NOW, AS SOON AS I GITS HIS GRACE'S CHECK FOR THEM THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS, YOU AND ME 'LL JIST HAVE A BIT O' TALK ABOUT THET THREE CHERITABLE INSTITUTION!"

I came, much like BALAAM, for sharp—commination  
Of all you have done; but I frankly confess  
That, so far as I see, your prolonged Occupation  
Has proved, on the whole, a decided success.  
Like BALAAM I bless where my mission was cursing  
("I make haste to laugh lest results make me cry,")  
The poor Coptic child you are tenderly nursing,  
Perchance it will yet run alone—by-and-by!  
Meanwhile it seems nowise averse to your dandling,  
(Though LEO as NANA seems funny at first.)  
I cannot find any great fault with your handling,  
Nor such Occupation condemn as accurst.  
With approving Reports I must pack the portmanteau  
Intended for documents dead against you;  
In fine, I could pipe LEO's praise in a canto,  
But that's not my business at all—so adieu!

*Leo, loquitor:—*

Farewell, my dear "FIGARO!" Malice belittles,  
But you are too fair for that task. Tell your Franks  
My business here is "not all beer and skittles,"  
But some day I hope to earn even *their* thanks!

LEGAL QUERY. (*From an Earnest Inquirer.*)—"Sir, I have often heard of 'The Will of the Wisp.' Was this will ever proved? Who was 'the Wisp'? Why so called? Because he was a man of straw? Wisper your answer to me, and oblige yours,  
"COLNEY HATCHER, E. I."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is only one word that will fittingly describe *A Cathedral Courtship*, which Mistress KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN writes, and HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. publish. It is delightful. My Baronite took it up gingerly, remembering *Timothy's Quest*, by the same Author, and fearing to be disillusioned of the charm of that work. The new effort is, in its way (quite a different way), equally good. We have a charming background of English Cathedrals and *Aunt Celia*, whilst through the quiet closes winds the golden thread of an idyllic love story, over which *Aunt Celia* blinks unconscious. Its one fault is that it is too short; but then gems are rarely large. One is vexed, a third of the way through the volume, to find the Cathedral courtship brought to an end by the prosaic device of marriage. The rest of the volume describes *Penelope's English Experiences*, upon a study of which one enters with the prejudice born of disappointment. But this too is excellent; picturesque and full of shrewd observations on man and woman—especially woman. Since the Author is enamoured of brevity, she might begin with her own name. KATE DOUGLAS is ample and pretty. Why WIGGIN?  
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SO LIKE HER.—Mrs. R. was struck by a heading in the *Times* one day last week. It was "The Bishop of Chester's Liquor Bill." She exclaimed, "Disgraceful! the idea of making such a thing public! If the Bishop did have a bill of this sort and couldn't settle it, it might have been done by private subscription, and no one been a bit the wiser."

## THRILLING ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

(A Sketch in "Old Paris.")

SCENE—The Great Hall of the Bastille. The Audience have been seated for a quarter of an hour or so, and the Curtain has not yet risen. The Orchestra have already played two waltzes, and are beginning a third, which is resented by the Public, who intimate, by umbrella-thumps, that they have come there to be harrowed, and consider it quite time the process began. Presently a polite Manager comes before the Curtain, with an injured expression, and explains that the delay is solely due to his consideration for the Audience; the conclusion of the performance, representing LA TUDE's escape, necessarily takes place outside, and, as it is raining in torrents, he thought that, by giving the weather time to improve, he should enable them to view that portion of the entertainment with greater comfort and satisfaction to themselves. The Orchestra was merely playing to fill up the time until it was possible to begin. Loud and remorseful applause, amidst which the Orchestra heap coals of fire upon the spectators' heads by magnanimously striking up once more.

A Party of Three Ladies (to an Elderly Gentleman, who is escorting them). Uncle, aren't those two Chinese gentlemen in front Mr. FUNG and Mr. WANG? You were introduced to Mr. FUNG the other evening, you know—don't you think you ought to go and speak to him?

The Eld. Gent. (modestly). Oh, I don't suppose he'd recollect me, my dear—quite unnecessary!

His Eldest Niece. He's turning round now—see, he's smiling—he does recognise you. (Mr. FUNG rises with much ceremony, and shakes hands with the E. G. and all his party across the chairs, after which he smiles at them in bland and benevolent silence. Mr. WANG rises too, and smiles, out of pure sympathy. No one has a remark worthy of the occasion, so the Chinese gentlemen sit down again, beaming.) Uncle, you might have said something to them—I'm sure they expected it!

The Eld. Gent. Couldn't think of anything at the time, my love—but—(here he suddenly discovers that he might have asked them if this was their first visit to Earl's Court)—perhaps I had better go and have a chat with them.

[He rises, and makes his way, with infinite difficulty, to a vacant chair next to Mr. FUNG's, who receives him with a réchauffé of his original smile: Mr. WANG bends forward, and smiles too. The unfortunate Old Gentleman, conscious that his nieces behind are expecting him to rise to the occasion, finds himself reduced to smiling once more, having entirely forgotten what he meant to observe. Mr. FUNG and Mr. WANG continue to smile expectantly, and the E. G. fears that his grin is becoming more imbecile each moment, until his embarrassment is happily relieved by the rising of the Curtain. We give the dialogue of the Drama from imperfect recollection, and do not guarantee its absolute accuracy.]

## THE DRAMA.

SCENE—A dungeon in the Bastille. M. DE LA TUDE discovered in a very loose yellow shirt and brown knee-breeches. Melancholy music.

La Tude (gloomily). For years I have been a close prisoner in this dismal place, shut out from the world, from the fresh air and the

cheerful light of the sun. The stately marble columns and costly hangings on either side of my wretched dungeon only torture me the more by their mocking incongruity. 'Twas the Pompadour's refined malice that placed them here. I sometimes think I am going mad. (He sits on a table and swings his legs.) Fortunately, I am not without a friend in this gloomy place. When I say a friend, I do not refer to the intimacies I have notoriously formed with tame rats and spiders, for although I was to have had a scene with a clockwork mouse and a metal spider, it was out at rehearsal by the cruelty of my captors. No, my friend is MARIE, the Gaoler's daughter, who is aware of my fixed intention to escape, and has sent me a message which some might consider cryptic. "When MARIE is sick with the face-ache, know then that the hour is come!" Only how am I to know, with my limited opportunities for acquiring information, when she is affected with that troublesome complaint? And how will her face-ache assist my plans? Ha! I hear GRIMEAU, my Gaoler.

[A formidable jingling and clanking of keys, bolts, and bars, is heard outside.]

Grimeau (entering with a food). I have brought you two small fishes and a bottle of Château Bastille. You see your dinner. The wine is our own growth, we cultivate it on the chimney pots, and it is recommended by the faculty as possessing a strong ferruginous flavour—ha, ha!

La Tude (perfunctorily). Ha, ha! I should know the vintage, my good GRIMEAU!

Grim. To-morrow your dinner will be—what do you think?—a nice piece of good succulent horseflesh! (He rubs his stomach and smacks his lips). Eh, eh! am I not a funny old dog?

La Tude (resignedly). You are. The authorities, with relentless malignity, have seen fit to afflict me with a comic Gaoler. But they cannot break my spirit. I will not smile at your low comedy! How is Mlle. MARIE?

Grim. Ill—very ill.

La Tude (excitedly). Ill? Can it be the signal—at last! With what? Speak, man!

Grim. (evasively).

A cyclone is advancing from America, and, should it reach our coasts, some further atmospheric disturbances may probably be expected.

La Tude. Answer my question. I have a motive, I tell you, for asking. What ails Mlle. MARIE?

Grim. (as before). It is understood that if the Opposition persist in their present tactics, the Government are prepared to take a course which—

La Tude. Enough of comic relief. You have made two Chinese gentlemen in front smile at your fooleries—let that suffice you. I ask you once more—What is the matter with MARIE?

Grim. (sullenly). You don't give my humour a chance! MARIE has the face-ache, then. Awful! Oh, lor! poor girl!

La Tude. The face-ache? Joy-joy! Then I may set about escaping at once. I have heard all I wanted to know. Leave me.

Grim. Not until I have sung to you; it is the Pompadour's orders.

La Tude. How that woman hates me! I would you were a swan, my good GRIMEAU, for then, after you had sung, you would—die!

Grim. Who's trying to be funny now? But my song is more likely to be the end of you than me—listen.

[He sings to LA TUDE, who writhes in agony; GRIMEAU departs with elaborate bolting and barring of the door.]

La Tude. Once more I am alone! (The door opens with a slight click.) Confusion! another visitor! (Annoyed.) These constant interruptions rob a prison of all its boasted seclusion. What, MARIE?



"He sings to La Tude, who writhes in agony."

*Marie (entering, with a shawl round her head).* Yes, MARIE. As the Gaoler's daughter, I have the woman's privilege of entering the prisoners' cells at pleasure, without any ridiculous fuss with bolts and locks. I leave all that to Papa.

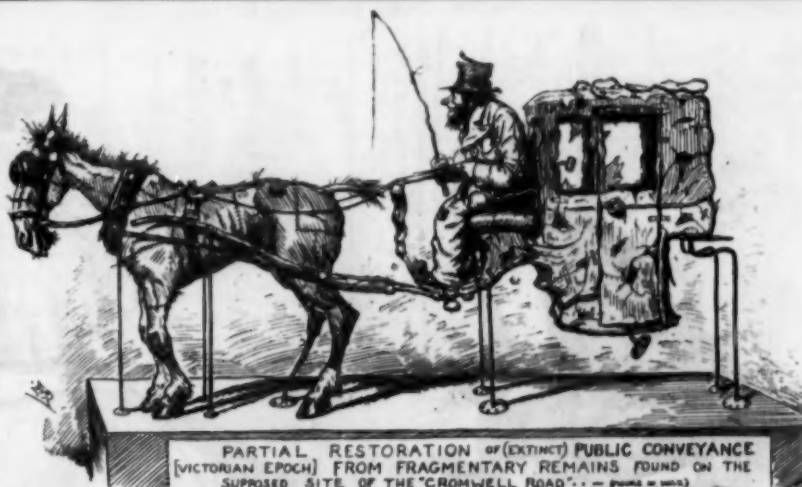
*La Tude.* Who overdoes it. But I understood you were laid up with the face-ache?

*Marie (archly).* Nay; only on the left. All is prepared for your escape, but I could not let you depart without bidding you a last farewell. Oh, M. LA TUDE, promise me that you will carry out your desperate resolve with as little recklessness as possible! For my sake, be wary!

*La Tude (taking her in his arms).* Have no fears for me, dear one. To regain my liberty once more I would cheerfully brave every danger; but, as a French gentleman in the acrobatic profession has been specially engaged to do the outside portion of my escape, my personal risk is almost infinitesimal. So leave me to accomplish the preliminaries of my daring task, and—hem!—oblige me by closing the door after you. (*MARIE obeys.*) Now to remove the massive masonry and grating which would impede my progress up the chimney! (*He puts his hand up the fireplace; the masonry falls down à la Jericho with a bang.*) Ha, all now is easy! and, provided the Acrobat Gentleman does the rest of the business, I shall be free, free at last! (*He disappears up the chimney as the Curtain descends.*)

#### THE FINALE.

The Finale—as might have been expected—is a *flasco*. M. LA TUDE's acrobatic understudy makes, we regret to observe, a complete mess of the whole business. He wastes precious time in trailing himself picturesquely over the tiles, and then stops to play Bo-peep



PARTIAL RESTORATION OF (EXTINCT) PUBLIC CONVEYANCE [VICTORIAN EPOCH] FROM FRAGMENTARY REMAINS FOUND ON THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE "CROMWELL ROAD". — (PUNCHED BY J.M.)

IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES" DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.

with a sentinel behind chimney-pots, after which, riddled with blank cartridge, he bolts back into an upper window, and is ignominiously captured in a doorway, to the intense amusement of the spectators. Our advice to M. LA TUDE is that, if he is really bent on escaping, he must do the entire business *himself*: to entrust the completion of it to an acrobat, however talented, is a proceeding that is doomed to inevitable disappointment. For even if the latter gentleman should get away by any chance, we can't, for the life of us, see how M. LA TUDE is to benefit by it. However, no doubt he will know better another evening.

#### PUNCH TO MR. BERRETT.

[At Bow Street Police Court, the other day, Police Constable BERRETT was rewarded for having, on May 13th, jumped from a bridge over the Regent's Canal into twenty feet of water, and rescued a labouring man.]

GOOD luck to you, BERRETT! *Punch* greets with a cheer

A hero in blue, and salutes him as "pal,"

Who, heedless of danger, undaunted by fear,

Sprang to rescue a life from the Regent's Canal.

Good luck, my good-plucked one! Your name rhymes with merit,  
On the bead-roll of fame, Mr. Constable BERRETT.

#### THE MANTLE OF MANY SINS.

SCENE.—A Fancy Bazaar. Lady Stall-keepers, standing behind counters, fearfully bored, and regarding each other's dresses with polite contempt. A few 'ARRIES, having found themselves fish out of water, are on the point of leaving. Enter an Average Man. The Stall-keepers make a dash at him, and tempt him to purchase a number of useless articles.

*Average Man.* Thanks so much; but I have really spent all my money.

*First Stall-keeper (implovingly).* But do have this rose—it is only three-and-six. You must buy it.

*Av. Man.* I really can't afford it. I have already six button-holes. I have no more money.

*Second Stall-keeper (of uncertain age).* But you must take this cigar. And see I will bite the end of it off for you. So cheap too. Only half-a-crown. And if you have no money, you can pay me when we next meet.

*Av. Man (with cold politeness).* Thanks, no. (*He finds himself near Third Stall-keeper.*) What, you here?

*Third Stall-keeper.* Oh, I am only a *locum tenens*. The people who brought me got bored, and went off. (*The other Stall-keepers return listlessly to their counters, finding their expected prey apparently hooked.*) I came, because I thought it would be rather fun!

*Average Man.* Is it?

*Third Stall-keeper.* Well, not exactly. You see there are such a lot of queer people who come in on the shilling days. However, even that is better than the dear days, when no one comes at all. It is dull then.

*Av. Man.* Then why on earth do you do it?

*Third Stall-keeper.* Oh, I don't know. I suppose because every-one else does; only we all say we hate it—and I think we really

do. This season, dressing-up has gone out, and that makes things a trifle better. It was so fearfully stupid when one got up in costume, and all that sort of thing.

*Av. Man.* I dare say. But, after all, it is very good of you to take all this trouble to benefit some charity.

*Third Stall-keeper.* But the Bazaars seldom or ever pay their expenses. I am sure, for instance, that this one won't cover the cost.

*Av. Man.* However, the intention is the thing. Now whom do you propose to benefit on this occasion? What is the name of the charity?

*Third Stall-keeper.* I haven't the faintest idea! You can find out for yourself by looking on the programme. But you may be sure of one thing—it's certain to be something horrid!

[Scene closes in upon the strange situation.]

"I HAVE AN OATH."—*Sketch*, in its W. H. POLLOCK interview, says that W. H. P.'s drama of *St. Roman's Well*, "in conjunction with that past-master in drama, Mr. RICHARD DAVEY, is on the eve of production." That it must be produced is certain—perhaps before this note appears, for has not W. H. POLLOCK taken his DAVEY to do it?

A GENUINE APPEAL.—The Reverend P-TR-CK M-G-RE, P.P., of B-ll-r-sh, County Down, wrote to the Squire asking him for a subscription. The Reverend gentleman pleaded for help in this form. "I hope you'll contrive to send me a good lump sum, as I'll have to spend a heap of money in taking off the roof in order to prevent the rain coming in."

ABOUT SCHOPENHAUER.—Some people are fanatics for SCHOPENHAUER. Others are commencing an "Anti-SCHOPENHAUER Crusade." Tradesmen who have adopted, or who are about to adopt the Saturday Half-holiday arrangement, would willingly give their support to an "Anti-Shopping-Hour" movement.

"WHERE, AND O WHERE?"—Years ago somebody sang, "I'd crowns resign, To call her mine—The Lass of Richmond Hill." Exists she now? Probably to be found among the Old Dears in the Old Deer Park.

NEW HIBERNIAN READING AND TRANSLATION.—"Simper Eadem," a girl that's always smiling.





## THE LAST FROM CHICAGO.

*Little Sir Algy (who is so refined).* YES, IT'S A MOST ADMIRABLY-MANAGED EXHIBITION; BUT—A—CAN SO VAST A BUILDING POSSIBLY PAY, IF YOU WILL FORGIVE THE EXPRESSION?"

*Chicago Belle.* "WELL—GUESS WE 'VE CUT OFF A BIGGER CHUNK THAN WE CAN CHEW!"

## IN A TIGHT PLACE.

*Mate (moodily).*

I SAY, Skipper, look ye here! Things are shaping precious queer. We are floe'd around and hummocked up no end, Sir! If we don't soon find a track through this thick and plunging "pack,"

We shall be stove in and sunk! Now, as a friend, Sir, May I venture to remark this is getting past a lark? We of common whalers' perils make no bones, Sir. But, unless we are perviding 'gainst continual colliding, We shall precious soon hob-nob with Davy Jones, Sir!

*Skipper (cheerily).*

Humph! I'm "looking for a lead" of clear water. I'll succeed, If you fellows will be patient and not funky. Though I'm bound, JOHN, to admit, that it passes human wit, To steer straight amidst these ice-blocks big and chunky. Steady, JOHNNY, steady, steady! Keep your boathook ever ready! Don't get flurried. You are blowing like a grampus! Fend 'em off, divert, dislodge them. If we're careful, we may dodge them; But, if not, they'll smash our bulwarks in and swamp us!

*Mate (doubtfully).*

Ah! that's mighty fine—at present. You're so patient and so pleasant, But these ice-chunks don't reciprocate your kindness. They mean squelching of yer—cruel! And when you have go! your gruel,

We'll be rounded on for "hoptimistic" blindness. Oh! I heze a lot, I tell yer. Some as flatter yer would sell yer, And would chortle if they see our boat go under. To run a-muck, won't do, Sir; but I think, if I was you, Sir, I'd work out of this, and pull aboard like thunder!

*Skipper (musingly, with an eye to windward).*

Ah! my boys! An ancient skipper knows its "right-whale" to a kipper, That hurry, in the ice-pack, won't mean headway; And steering through the floe, JOHN, as I think you ought to know, JOHN, Ain't like navigating on the Thames, or Medway. Still I own it's getting nasty. Though we mustn't be too hasty, A way must be discovered to get out of it. Skipper who drives or slummocks, as he steers amidst ice-hummocks, Will go down to Davy Jones—there's little doubt of it!

[Left "looking for a lead."

## QUEER QUERIES.

ENCOURAGING BRITISH FEELING.—I am delighted to see that a Member of Parliament has suggested that the "Union Jack" should be hoisted on the Parliament Buildings during the Session. But what I want to know is, why we should not have more flags everywhere? Lord MEATH has started them in Board Schools, and I should like to see them in Workhouses, Public Libraries, Railway Stations, Lunatic Asylums, and, in fact, in all public Institutions. NELSON waving a "Union Jack" would add greatly to the effect of the Monument in Trafalgar Square, and might even have a good influence on meetings of Anarchists and others underneath, especially if the Lions' manes were also wrapped round with the national emblem; then musical-boxes might be inserted in their bodies, which would be wound up so as to play "Rule Britannia!" at intervals during the day. When the Fountains weren't playing, the Lions might, and vice versa. Then the lightning-conductor coming out of the Duke of York's head on his column would make an excellent flag-pole. I may say that I know what I am talking of, as I am in the flag-trade myself, and it is rather depressed at present. Would it be believed that, when—solely in order to promote Patriotism—I recently hoisted a Flag which combined the national colours with an announcement of my own business, the tyrannical County Council ordered it to be hauled down as a "sky-sign"! Comment is needless.





“IN A TIGHT PLACE!”

JOHN MUNKET. “LOOK HERE, SKIPPER!—IF WE DON’T GET THROUGH THIS SOMEHOW, WE SHALL BE SMASHED!”



“THE TITHE TOWER”

THE TITHE TOWER, A FINE AND INTERESTING MONUMENT, WAS BUILT BY THE TITHE COMMISSIONERS IN THE YEAR 1836, AND IS NOW USED AS A LIVERY STABLE.



## THE ADMIRALS' DOOM.

A Song of the Royal Geographical Society.

["The Admirals are routed, and the ladies remain Fellows of the Geographical Society."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

AIR.—"The Admiral's Broom."



OH, there were three Admirals brave and bold,  
All Fellows of the Royal Ge-  
O-graph-i-cal. And they  
cried, "Fal-lal!"  
And likewise "Fiddle-  
de-dee!"

In the stentor-style of the  
quarter-deck.

The question was, to  
decide

If female F.R.G.S.'s could  
turn out true suc-  
cesses;

And they shook their fists and cried—  
"We are doomed, if they stop!" cried the  
three.

Let 'em darn socks, boil 'taters,' or make  
But out from us they go! What can she-  
creatures know  
Of the science of Ge-o-gra-pher?"

NOW MAYO was a champion true as gold—  
A lover of the sex was he;

And when he was told of those Admirals bold,  
A scornful laugh laughed he.

He cried, "Ho! ho! this is a pretty go!  
Come along, JOHNNY LUBBOCK with me,  
And we'll let those hectoring Admirals know  
Science plays not chiv-al-ree!

They fancy they'll get their way,  
But the Twenty-two shall stay.

When they swear they'll sweep out the  
ladies—like black sheep,  
'Tis a game more than three can play!"

Then he blazed away at those Admirals gay,  
'Till he made their jibs to fall;  
Then he hoisted the flag of the women (a  
"Red Rag"),

And cried to his merry Fellows all—  
"This vote is a proof," cried he,

"That science from poor prejudice is free,  
And that women who do know, and globe-  
trotting bravely go,  
Are fit 'Fellows' for you and for me!"

Chorus of chivalrous F.R.G.S.'s:—  
For she's a jolly good Fellow,  
And so say most of us!

## MON COCHER.

HAIL friend, in shiny, varnished hat,  
My eyes have gazed entranced on that,  
When in your *Acres* I have sat,  
Mon Cocher!

Alas, plain black or white its sheen,  
That verdant hue no more is seen!  
We loved your "wearing of the green,"  
Mon Cocher!

Your driving's somewhat wild, I know,  
At corners sharply turned your "Ho!"  
Just saves pedestrians from woe,  
Mon Cocher!

You love the Boulevards, stately, wide,  
Your fare is not compelled to ride  
Through alums and alleys, turned aside,  
Mon Cocher!

You show our Cabby he is wrong—  
His vile short cuts are often long,  
When stuck in alums amidst a throng—  
Mon Cocher!

If we are generous, then you  
Are civil, even grateful too,  
In just proportions—smile for *sou*,  
Mon Cocher!

The extra sixpence scarce disarms'  
The frown which Cabby's fare alarms,  
Here *ten sous* pourboire simply charms  
Mon Cocher!

## "VOX POP."

REPLYING to the toast of "Her Majesty's  
Judges," at the Lord Mayor's banquet, the  
LORD CHANCELLOR, speaking about legal

expenses, fees of Coun-  
sel, and so forth, ob-  
served that there were  
"numberless Counsel"  
to be had at very  
reasonable prices, and  
then, by way of illus-  
tration, he added,  
"Men complained of  
paying one hundred  
shillings a dozen for  
champagne, but they  
could remedy the  
matter very simply by  
drinking bottled beer  
or cheap champagne."

Very happy idea, my  
LORD CHANCELLOR, or  
my Lord Champagnecellar. Let the following  
attractive advertisements be hung out on the  
Outer Temple walls, and on those of the  
other Inns and Outs of Courts, as thus:—

"Try our old Q.C. Chancery Division!  
*Extra Sec.*! Many years in bottle!! Always  
well up, with some little fees on!"

"Common Law Pop! A light sparkling  
wine, quite free from acidity, quiddity, or  
any other iddity. Highly recommended, at  
low prices!"

QUERY.—They've made a Peer of a  
"HUSSEY." Oughtn't it to have been a  
Peersess?



## OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 6.—First appearance this season of Brother EDWARD DE REZEK as *Mephistopheles*. Great success, of course. Encores "offered and taken." Quite a jovial embodiment of the part, played, of course, with great spirit; but if this *Mephistopheles* is a fair specimen of the diabolical chief, then some one, not generally mentioned in ears polite, has hitherto met with very unfair treatment. Brother EDWARD represents the Gentlemanly Friend, as, so to speak, as literally a "d—d good fellow." But stay—after all, isn't this reading right? If the arch deceiver is to deceive anybody, oughtn't he to be an uncommonly pleasant-spoken, good-natured, easy-going person? Why, certainly. As to horns and tail, why those *Mephistopheles* has already discarded. Horns be blown!—(in the Orchestra, of course)—and as to tail—why he doesn't even wear a coat with a tail to it—though, were he a modern gentleman about town, for "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," this, in the shape of a tail-coat, he would wear of an evening, so as not to be out of the fashion. So, on second thoughts, we approve of Brother EDWARD's reading of *Mephistopheles*, only he mustn't make him too broadly comic. The new Portuguese tenor, an instalment of a new Portuguese loan, was at a discount in Covent Garden. Miss CRYSTAL PALLISER took *Marguerite's* part at short notice, vice MELBA. "Midst Pleasures and Pallsers," as the song of "*Home, Sweet Home*" has it, or something like it, we spent the evening, and then returned, rejoicing. Very full house.

Wednesday.—Delight of everybody at *rentrée* of ALBANI, as *Elisabeth*, in *Tannhäuser*. "Oh, LISA, dear E'LISA!" as ALBERT CHEVALIER sings, not particularly meaning WAGNER's heroine. Great reception of ALBANI as *Lisa*. Floral compliments in the shape of bouquets and baskets. Herr WIEGAND, the German, sings well as *King Her-  
man*. Mile. GIERSEN a nice Venus; but so much

is expected of Venus. Second to our *Lisa*, meaning ALBANI, comes Signor ANCONA, as *Wolfram*, who is a true artist. Great thing for a vocal artist to be "true." Fine drum effects: quite a little holiday for the Drum-Major in orchestra, whose motto is, "only let me have my whack!"—and he gives it. "*Très bang!*" says he, as he comes out strong and blesses WAGNER. The Big Drummer in orchestra is like *Jupiter* in the Opera of *Philémon et Baucis*, he swears by the *Sticks*.

Friday.—Dined à la D'OYLY CARTE at the Savoy Hotel—excellent menu with Pommery '84—simple dinner at simple price, quite the gay French-capital style, at perhaps just a trifle over Café Anglais prices; but what of that to the invited, irresponsible guest? Dined early, intending to be at Covent Garden in time for beginning of new opera, its *première* in London. Not finished repast till nine. Arrived late, but found evening bill changed. Due notice had been given, but advertisements escaped otherwise watchful eye of yours truly. No matter. Came in for nearly the whole of GOUNOD's *Philémon et Baucis*, la petite SIGRID ARNOLDSON looking lovely, and singing her best as the guileless *Little Bo-Peep Baucis*, who is just one too many for the amorous *Jupiter-Plançon*. How prettily she entraps *Jupiter Amans*! Never was such a simple 'itty sing as *Sigrid-Baucis*. After which *Pagliacci*. Great performance of DE LUCIA as *Camo*, and ANCONA as *Tonio*. House full. No one regretting non-performance of New Opera, announced for Tuesday, 13th. A pleasure to come.

Saturday.—*La Favorita* backed for a place. Entered early (7.30), and made the running all the evening until 11. Then came the *Rustic Cavalry*, carrying all before them—a way they have in the Italian Army. First appearance of Mme. ARMAND. "Another reason," as Mr. O'WAG observed, "for such a good house." *Leonora* quite a favourite part with the *débütante*, but she will make more out of the *Prophet*. So chirruped the critics when they returned to their hearths and homes. Pass-word (unchanging) for the Royal Opera, "All's Well!"



Edouard de Mephistopheles.  
A very full-bodied Spirit.



BLASÉ.

"DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE ALL WENT ABROAD THIS YEAR, WILLY!"  
 "OH, BOTHER ABROAD! I'VE BEEN THERE!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 5.*—Agreeable surprise in store. Members came down prepared for another Sitting in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Just when SPEAKER about to leave Chair, and MELLOR looking forward to thoroughly enjoying himself for seven or eighth ours, CHAMBERLAIN rose. Seems *Daily News* been "saying things" about him. Regards it as breach of privilege; asks House to decree it as such. Shudder of sympathy and apprehension quivered over crowded benches. Only last Saturday JOHN R. ROBINSON, our Jo JOHN, awoke to find all the world congratulating him on his Knighthood, worthily won in the field of journalism. Three days barely elapsed when there appears every prospect of his being brought to the Bar of the House, his knightly spurs hacked off, his sword broken, and he condemned to spend an indefinite time in the lowest dungeon beneath the clock-tower, with only the *Daily Chronicle* supplied as his morning paper.

Mr. G. probably had this in mind when he interposed and smoothed matters over. It all began with indignation of *Daily News* at scene last Thursday night, when Mr. G., attempting to deliver a speech, had it broken in upon by the monosyllabic marauders who sit under shadow of Gallery above Gangway, safe from eagle glance of MELLOR. Much indignation expressed at the moment. CHAMBERLAIN, perceiving damage accruing from such tactics, interposed with remark that Mr. G., evidently profoundly hurt, had misunderstood drift of interruption. Mr. G. now protested that he had been wholly unconscious of what had so deeply stirred onlookers. He had certainly declared himself deeply grieved, but it was at something else, not personal attack on himself.

House so charmed with this magnanimity that hatchets forthwith buried all round; motion withdrawn, and there an end of it. TAY PAY went for JOSEPH in truculent speech. That easy to bear compared with side-blow dealt by HUNTER. HUNTER discovered that

### SHOOTING THE "CHUTES."

O JANE, my gem and jewel bright,  
 When you proposed that we should go  
 To Captain BOTTON's Water Show  
 I laughed aloud in wild delight!—  
 For you are fair—which may explain  
 Why loving cousins find it sweet  
 To take you somewhere for a treat,  
 And blow expenses, pretty JANE!

I robed myself in gallant style—  
 A new frock-coat I bravely donned,  
 A waistcoat white (of which I'm fond),  
 A glossy and convincing tile:  
 With trousers grey and gloves of suede,  
 With silken scarf of azure blue,  
 And buttonhole of crimson hue—  
 The picture was complete, dear maid.

That Water Show, beyond dispute,  
 Was worthy Captain BOTTON's fame;  
 We laughed and cheered as boatloads came  
 Careering madly down the "Chute"—  
 But oh! what demon prompted you  
 In merry moment to suggest  
 That we—arrayed in Sunday best—  
 Should make that headlong journey too?

I smiled assent for your dear sake,  
 And took my seat by side of you—  
 Then held my breath as down we flew  
 Towards that cold and cruel lake!  
 Oh, JANE, we rued our conduct rash,  
 For endless Time will not expunge  
 The horror of that awful plunge—  
 The woe of that colossal splash!

The blinding, beating, drenching spray,  
 That took the joy from coat and hat—  
 That laid my collar limp and flat,  
 Drowned Hope itself that fatal day;  
 For when we reached the asphalt shore—  
 All dripping, draggled, wet, and worn—  
 You sought a cab with queenly scorn,  
 And drove away for evermore!

WHEN is a liberal M.P. like a runaway horse? When he's Bolton.

the article complained of by JOSEPH is a joke. So delighted with this discovery made by him, a Scotchman, when an average Englishman was blind to the point, that he positively bubbled with delight. In exuberance of moment disclosed acquaintance with another joke, which he said "appears weekly in *Punch*, under the name of TOBY, M.P.," a remark which shows much discrimination. If HUNTER thinks the production of this historical record is a joke, he'd better try and write it. He'll find it is none.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Haven't heard much of DON'T-KEIR HARDIE of late; seems to have expended all his Parliamentary vigour in coming down on opening day of Session in open "wan," accompanied by brass band. Is about House and Lobby pretty frequently, his tweed cap growing greasier in appearance, his trousers more baggy at knee. Generally carries bundle of letters in his hand, other sections of his correspondence bulging out from various pockets. Thought, when he first put in appearance, he was going to take prominent part in performance; fizzled out, even before he flared up. Nothing like House of Commons for bringing a man to accurate knowledge of himself and his capacity. DON'T-KEIR HARDIE has learned his lesson, and, to do him justice, quietly applies it.

To-night breaks silence; wants to know about Nottingham election. Was it, as alleged, won by bribery? If so (or if not) will Government have charges publicly made fully investigated? ASQUITH in view of all the circumstances thinks not. SEXTON and TIM HEALY, apostles of law and order, want to know whether it is proper for such a question to be put in House, based upon nothing more substantial than newspaper article? SPEAKER says Member may or may not have ulterior motive, but he was in his right in putting question. Here subject dropped; strangers in Gallery much puzzled as to what it all meant.

*Business done.*—Dull night in Committee.

*Thursday.*—What we are to do with AMBROSE, Q.C., is becoming question that dwarfs even Home-Rule Bill. Nothing known in





PUTTING THEIR CONSERVATIVE HEADS TOGETHER.

Parliamentary life equals the change wrought in this worthy man. Demoralisation, suddenly indicated few weeks ago, rapidly developing. To-night he broke out in really alarming style. Nobody thinking of him at moment. He had amendment on paper which



"Going Nap" on Amendments.  
Fancy Portrait of  
Napoleon Bonaparte, M.P.

Chairman ruled out of order. That no unusual thing. Happened at same time to two other Members, including the tiresome TOMLINSON. Nothing came of it at moment. It was PRINCE ARTHUR who dropped lighted match on barrel of unsuspected gunpowder. "May I," he said, turning with blandest manner to Chairman, "ask upon what ground you ruled the amendment out of order?" This procedure on part of Leader of Opposition sufficient to raise the hair under MILMAN's wig. A fundamental rule of order in House is that Chairman's ruling shall not be questioned. Had private Member done this, he would have been incontinently howled down. Leader of Opposition committing indiscretion, Members sat and gasped for breath. MELLON, ever ready to oblige, instead of snubbing PRINCE ARTHUR, gave desired explanation. SEXTON, keenly jealous of maintenance of law and order, asked whether PRINCE ARTHUR "is in accord with usages of the House in asking Chairman to assign reasons for his ruling?" "To that extent I think so," was oracular answer from Chair.

It was here that Members, crowding in after dinner, became aware of a quiet-looking gentleman upstanding, with head thrown back, curiously regarding Chairman under half-closed eyelids. House, recognising AMBROSE, Q.C., shouted "Order!" AMBROSE, faintly smiling, began what promised to prove detailed history of genesis of his Amendment. Seems he had looked in on Chairman in friendly manner; apparently had cup of tea with him; addressed him at some length on subject of Amendment; had another cup of tea, and left under impression that it was all right. Now, when he had come down prepared to expound his Amendment to expectant Committee, Chairman ruled it out of order. "Not quite the thing, you know," said AMBROSE, shaking his head at MELLON, rather in sorrow than anger. That the last glimpse of this melting mood. Up-roar rose in intensity; AMBROSE uplifted his voice in unison; Chairman on his feet signalling Commander BETHELL to heave alongside and move his Amendment, which stood next in order. Commander hitched up his trysails and bore down. AMBROSE wildly waved him off. Little BETHELL, terrified at this tremendous energy, subsided; Chairman on his feet, apparently saying something; four hundred Members simultaneously shouting, Chairman's remarks not distinctly heard; AMBROSE also on his feet, opening and shutting of his mouth, indicating that he was continuing the narrative of the earlier history of his Amendment. At height of storm Mr. G., who had sat, sternly indignant, on Treasury Bench, interposed. Storm, for a moment, stilled; burst out again in enthusiastic cheering from Ministerialists when Mr. G. suggested that Chairman should "name" AMBROSE. This threat would have subdued Member ordinarily of more aggressive manner than AMBROSE. Upon him had effect of oil on flames. Seemed as if he had, through long and blameless life, been storing up electrical forces for this occasion. On his feet the moment Mr. G. sat down; greeted with deafening

burst of howls; finding it impossible to get in a word amid storm, fell upon a process of semaphore signalling; whether form of communication unfamiliar to House, or because of too violent flinging about of the arms, message was unintelligible. For fully five minutes the storm raged; sometimes Chairman on his legs; sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR; now and then three or four Irish Members profoundly shocked at the disorder; once GRANDOLPH; but always AMBROSE, the semaphore signals growing more mad and less intelligible than ever. When the roar momentarily rose, he dropped into his seat as if literally blown over; but only for a moment. Up again, dauntlessly facing the storm.

"If," said Chairman in comparative lull, "the hon. and learned Member persists in his conduct, I will exercise the powers of the Standing Order."

Did AMBROSE blench before this fearsome threat, driven home with thunderous cheers? Not he. "You may, Mr. MELLON," was his only articulate response, the rest of a long and apparently interesting observation continued, as before, through the semaphore signalling.

Storm ceased as suddenly and as inexplicably as it had burst. AMBROSE, after one more desperate stand against vociferating crowd on benches opposite and below the Gangway, abruptly resumed his seat. Commander BETHELL, who had been tacking off and on, moved to insert in Clause 3 the words "prize or booty of war." AMBROSE, parched and panting, left the House.

"And is nothing going to follow in consequence?" asked an innocent stranger in the Gallery, in the excitement of the moment raising his voice above a whisper. "May a Member defy the Chair, flout all rules of Debate, and then walk out, with nothing happening?"

Something *did* happen. The Messenger in charge of the Gallery promptly seized the offending Stranger who had broken the silence of the Gallery, and put him forth.

"We must keep order in this place, or where would we be?" said the Messenger, as he returned to his seat on guard by the doorway.

*Business done.*—AMBROSE, Q.C., goes on the Rampage.

*Friday.*—The MACGREGOR waiting moodily in watch-tower to right of SPEAKER'S Chair. Has promised at half-past six to move the Closure on Clause 3 of the Home-Rule Bill. House been engaged on Clause for nearly fortnight. Progress rather of the crustacean order; got through three or four Amendments in Sitting, but since four or five new ones are concurrently added to list, it will appear we are, on the balance, one to the bad. At quarter to seven The MACGREGOR, slowly rising, throwing his tartan well over his left



The Joke-Hunter. Toby, M.P., sings:—"The little Dog laughed to see such sport!"

shoulder, and drawing his claymore, moved the Closure. A fine scene, which MELLON ruthlessly brought down to common-place level by declining to put question. So, for a while, we shall go on as before, steadily advancing backwards.

*Business done.*—Really none.

#### EN PHILOSOPHE.

*En philosophe* I love to pose,  
And bear with dignity my woes,  
To shut my door, and take my chair,  
And, making books my only care,  
Reck not of empires' overthrows.

Awhile I worshipped at the toes  
Of MABEL, DOROTHY, and ROSE.  
Their loss right easily I bear  
*En philosophe.*

But when a chilling rumour grows  
Of "something wrong" at BLANK & Co.'s,

Wherein I have a trifling share,  
I turn as timid as a hare;  
And, somehow, to the dickens goes  
*"En philosophe."*

SUMMARISED RESULT OF PONTEFRAC  
ELECTION PETITION.—Reckitt Wrecked.





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The following extract from the "Review or Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:

**THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.**—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review or Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-bout for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., "PLAYER'S NAVY CUT" (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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